

S U C C E S S

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The Glory That Slumbered in the Granite Rock

I.

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II.

A granite rock on the mountain side
Gazed on the world and was satisfied;
It watched the centuries come and go,—
It welcomed the sunlight, and loved the snow,
It grieved when the forest was forced to fall,
But smiled when the steeples rose, white and tall,
In the valley below it, and thrilled to hear
The voice of the great town roaring near.



When the mountain stream from its idle play
Was caught by the mill wheel, and borne away
And trained to labor, the gray rock mused:
"Tree and verdure and stream are used
By man, the master, but I remain
Friend of the Mountain, and Star, and Plain;
Unchanged forever, by God's decree,
While passing centuries bow to me!"

III.

Then, all unwarned, with a mighty shock,
Down from the mountain was wrenched the rock.
Bruised and battered and broken in heart,
It was carried away to a common mart.
Wrecked and ruined in peace and pride,
"Oh, God is cruel!" the granite cried;
"Comrade of Mountain, of Star the friend,—
By all deserted,—how sad my end!"



IV.

A dreaming sculptor, in passing by,
Gazed on the granite with thoughtful eye;
Then, stirred with a purpose supreme and grand,
He bade his dream in the rock expand,—
And lo! from the broken and shapeless mass,
That grieved and doubted, it came to pass
That a glorious statue, of infinite worth,—
A statue of LINCOLN,—adorned the earth.

The Humane Side of Abraham Lincoln - GALUSHA A. GROW

[Speaker, House of Representatives, 1861-'63]

NEARLY all of the waking hours of Abraham Lincoln, after the midsummer of 1861, were passed in his office. The west end of the second floor of the White House was used for residence, and the east end for business purposes. The President's office was a large room on the south side, which commanded a fair view of the Potomac River. "The furniture of this room," writes Isaac N. Arnold, "consisted of a large oak table covered with cloth, extending north and south, and it was around this table that the cabinet sat when it held its meetings. Near the end of the table, and between the windows, was another table, on the west side of which the President sat, in a large armchair, and at this table he wrote. A tall desk, with pigeonholes for papers, stood against the south wall. The only books usually found in this room were a Bible, the statutes of the United States, and a copy of Shakespeare. There were a few chairs, and two plain hair-covered sofas, and on the wall hung two or three military maps, on which the positions and movements of the armies were traced. On the mantel was an old, discolored engraving of Andrew Jackson, and a later photograph of John Bright. Doors connected this room with the room of the secretary and an outside hall, running east and west across the house. A bell cord within reach of the President's hand extended to the secretary's office, and a messenger sat at the door opening from the hall, to take in the cards and names of visitors."



"I believe you to be honest and truthful, and you don't wear hoops: I will spare your brother"

question, by night and by day, for weeks and for months; but, if it is, as you say, a message from your Divine Master, is it not odd that He should send it by way of Chicago?"

The ministers went away, sorrowful, believing, in the face of this rejoinder, that the slave had little to hope for from Mr. Lincoln. Yet he had resolved months before on what they pleaded for, and the proclamation was issued within a fortnight. A knotty query and a jest were his means of concealing his purpose until the time should come to make it known.

These visitors included all sorts and conditions of men, and women, too,—the place-hunters, whose numbers diminished as the offices were filled; politicians in congress and out; seekers after army contracts and commissions; officers anxious for promotion or desirable assignments; private soldiers, moved by childlike faith in the President's willing ability to grant the favors refused them elsewhere; parents, wives, and sweethearts asking help or mercy for loved ones, sick, wounded, or in trouble; and still another class, equally earnest and importunate, made up of those who had perfected devices for making war more deadly—which they were eager to sell to the government. A man with a new weapon of any sort, who had been refused an audience by others in authority, was sure to find a patient and interested listener in Mr. Lincoln, who had a quick comprehension of mechanical principles, and who, more often than not, would personally test his gun. An inventor, with his active if not always well-balanced brain, was a source rather of amusement than annoyance, and the President was wont to quote, with peals of laughter, the solemn dictum of one rural visitor, that "a gun ought not to rekyle; if it rekyled at all, it ought to rekyle a little for'rud." Practical results issued, now and then, because of the time devoted by Mr. Lincoln to the testing of new weapons. One of these was the adoption of the *mitrailleuse*, and another the equipment with the breechloaders of the famous regiment of sharpshooters commanded by Colonel Hiram Berdan.

His Sympathy Went out spontaneously to All Who Were in Distress

Delegations without number sought audience with the President. Many went, in the early days of the Civil War, to urge, and, frequently, to demand, the immediate emancipation of the slaves. Thence arose more than one embarrassing situation, from which Mr. Lincoln was extricated only by quick wit, or by the recital of some amusing story which was also an apt illustration of the subject under discussion. A case in point was his answer to the Chicago ministers who called on him, in September, 1862, to demand of him a proclamation of emancipation. He heard them through, and then asked:—

"Now, gentlemen, if I cannot enforce the constitution in the South, how am I to enforce a mere presidential proclamation? Won't the world sneer at it as being as powerless as the pope's bull against the comet?"

The ministers could not answer this question, but one of them said:—"Mr. President, what we bring you is a message to you, from our Divine Master, commanding you, sir, to open the doors of bondage that the slave may go free. Yes, sir, this is a command from our Divine Master."

"That may be, sir," was the instant reply; "for I have studied this

Those seeking aid for themselves or for others made early discovery of Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart, and of the fact that his sympathy went out spontaneously to all in distress. The best-remembered appeals to his clemency were made in behalf of soldiers under sentence of death for desertion, and books, and newspapers, and living men as well, teem with anecdotes of offenders who owed their lives to his interposition. "Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier who deserts," he wrote on one occasion, "while I must not touch a hair of the wily agitator who induces him to desert?" It was almost impossible, during his first month in office, to secure his consent to an execution for desertion, and until the last he recoiled from taking the life of a very young soldier charged with this offense. "I wish to grant a pardon in this case," he endorsed on a set of papers now filed in the War Department, "and will be obliged to the judge advocate of the army if he will inform me as to the way in which it is to be done." No evident reason existing for a pardon, he frequently found one in the prisoner's youth. "His mother says he is but seventeen," was his excuse for suspending sentence in another case, and later he granted the lad a full pardon "on account of his tender age." The whereabouts of a condemned man being unknown, the President, in still another case, telegraphed to four commanders, ordering a suspension of sentence.

He Spared a Deserter, as His Sister Was Honest, Truthful,—and Hoopless

Humor and pathos were often blended in the President's exercise of the pardoning power. Lieutenant Governor Ford, of Ohio, on going to the White House on an autumn evening, in 1862, to keep an appointment with Mr. Lincoln, was accosted in the vestibule by a young woman, whose drawn face and swollen eyes bore witness to the fact that she was in sore trouble. Ford halted to listen to her story. It had to do with an orphaned brother and sister, who had come from Germany and settled in one of the Western States. The brother, when the war came, had entered the army, and, falling among evil associates, had been induced to desert, with the usual sequel,—capture, trial, and sentence to death. The sister, who was in domestic service, had borrowed the money for the journey to Washington to lay the case before the President. She had vainly sought for two days to secure an audience with him, and finally had been ordered away by the servants.

"Come with me," said Ford, when she had finished, "and I will see what can be done." So saying, he led her upstairs and into the presence of Mr. Lincoln. "Mr. President," said he, after greetings had been exchanged, "my business must wait until you have heard what this young woman has just told me."

Mr. Lincoln, seating himself at his desk, listened in silence to the girl's story, and then carefully examined the petition for a pardon which she handed him, which bore the signatures of a few persons who had formerly known her brother. This done, he studied her tear-stained face, and the threadbare garb which told of her poverty.

"My child," said he, kindly, "you have come here with no one to plead your cause. I believe you to be honest and truthful, and—" this with emphasis,—"you don't wear hoops: I will spare your brother."

Such was the trend of Lincoln's charity. He seemed to have a clear insight into human nature. He knew when a man or a woman was telling him the truth. He always longed to give charity when charity was necessary, and when its object deserved to be thought of. To him, a kind act was more than the high office that he had attained.